Bombay Gazette.

Wednesday, June 26, 1816.

(Volume 27.) (Number 1360.

Proclamation.

Bombay to wit. BY Virtue of a Precept to me directed, I hereby proclaim and give notice, that a Session of Oyer and Terminer and General Goal Delivery will be holden before SIR ALEXANDER ANSTRUTHER, KNIGHT, Recorder and his Affociates, Judges of the Honorable the Court of the Recorder of Bombay, at the Court House in Bombay, on Saturday the Thirteenth day of July, next, at Eleven o'Clock, in the forenoon, for the Trial of all Treasons, Murders, Felonies, and other Crimes and Misdemeanors, had, done, or committed within the Town and Island of Bombay, and the Limits thereof, and the Places & Factories subordinate thereto, and dependent thereon; and also to enquire, hear and determine in like manner, all Treasons, Murders, Felonies, Forgeries, Perjuries, Crimes, Extortions, Misdemeanors, Trespasses, Wrongs, and Oppressions had, done, and committed, by any of his Majesty's British subjects, in any of the Territories which now are subject to, or dependent upon the said Government of Bombay, or within any of the Dominions of the native Princes of India in alliance with the said Government.

And also, that at the same time and place, will be holden a Session of Admiralty for the Trial of all Treasons, Murders, Piracies, Robberies, Trespasses, Misdemeanors, and other crimes and offences, had, done, perpetrated, or committed on the High Seas.

And I hereby require and enjoin all persons bound to prosecute and give evidence at the above Sessions, or in any way concerned therein, to attend at the time and place, above mentioned, and not to depart without leave of the Court. —Dated this 26th day of June, 1816.

GEO. WM. MIGNAN,
SHERIFF.

For Sale

AT
Captain Austin's House,
OPPOSITE
the Bombay Tavern,
A few Hats
of a quality
WELL CALCULATED
FOR
the present Season,
SOLD
WHOLESALE or RETAIL,
AND VERY CHEAP; FOR CASH.
Bombay, 26th June 1816.

Advertisement.

Waterloo Subscription.

THE Committee for managing the Subscriptions to be appropriated for the relief of the Sufferers at the Battle of Waterloo, wishing to remit the amount to England by the earliest opportunity, it is particularly requested that the undischarged Sums may be paid to MESSRS. FORBES & Co. with as little delay as possible.

S. HALLIFAX
Secretary.
Bombay, 26th June 1816.

Advertisement.

AN arrangement having taken place between *Nadir Baxter*, and *Robert Baxter* of the late Firm of *Baxter, Ferrar & Co.* making over to *Eduljee Cursetjee* (a Partner in the same Concern) the concerns of *Baxter Son & Co.* and *Baxter Ferrar and Co.* an Advertisement to the above effect has appeared in the Bombay Papers, Courier and Gazette, from the 25th of May last up to the 12th instant:

Eduljee Cursetjee begs leave most respectfully to solicit the attention of Gentlemen, indebted to the above Concern, to favour him with the amount of their respective debts; at as early a date as possible, in order to enable him to pay and clear off all claims on the late Firm of *Baxter, Ferrar & Co.*

Bombay, June 19th 1816.

Advertisement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT ANUNTAJEE RAGOWJEE having bargained with KAJEE GOOLAM HOOSIEN MAHRY to sell his Sweet Batty Ground, being 11 Sticks in breadth & 35 Sticks in length or there abouts, situate at *Bhuleseir* adjoining to the South side of CAWASJEE PATELL'S Stable, any Person or Persons having any Claim or Demand on the said Ground, are hereby required to notify the same to the said KAJEE GOOLAM HOSIEN MAHRY within 14 days, or else they will be precluded.

Bombay, 26th June 1816.

FOR SALE
AT THE
Gazette Office,

Policies of Insurance on Goods,
Ditto Ditto on Block,
Respondentia Bonds on Goods,
Ditto Ditto on Block,
Bills of Lading,
Interest Bonds,
Powers of Attorney,
Price Currents of Europe Goods,
&c. &c. &c.

Guzerattee Character

ALL orders for printing in the Guzerattee Character will, in future, be thankfully received and punctually executed at the office of the BOMBAY GAZETTE.

Bombay, January 10th 1816

જાહેર•ખબર*

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Bombay Gazette,

Wednesday, 26th June 1816.

GENERAL ORDERS,
By the Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council,
BOMBAY CASTLE, 31ST MAY, 1816.

AUTHENTIC Information having been received of the death of Major General W. Williamson, on the 24th of July 1815, the following Promotions and alterations are ordered to take place in consequence.

INFANTRY.

Lieutenant Colonel and Major General Richd. Cooke to be Colonel of a Regiment, vice Williamson deceased—Date of Rank, 25th July 1815.

Senior Major of Infantry, James Lithgow to be Lieutenant Colonel, vice Cooke promoted.—Do. do. do.

Hon'ble Company's Regiment of Eur. Infantry. Captain and Brevet Major W. J. Eldridge to be Major; Captain Lieut. W. P. Kenrge, to be Capt. of a Company; Lieut. James Elder, to be Captain Lieutenant, and Lieutenant George Ronsdon, to be Lieutenant, in succession to Lithgow promoted,—Date of Rank, 25th July 1815.

Ensign John F. Osborne, to be Lieut. vice Steell deceased,—18th Feb. 1816.

Ensign William Lardner to be Lieut. vice Jameson deceased,—5th May 1816.

The Right honorable the Governor in Council, has been pleased to constitute the Station of Parmeira, a permanent Command, and to appoint to it Captain S. Whitehill, of the 1st battalion 7th Regiment of Native Infantry.

Senior assistant Surgeon B. W. Geraud, is promoted to the rank of Surgeon vice Drysdale retired—date of rank, 22d November 1815.

Captain Geo. Layburn, of the 8th Regiment of Native Infantry, is admitted on the Invalid Establishment from this date.

Bombay Castle, 10th June 1816.

The Right Honorable the Governor in Council, is pleased to appoint assistant Surgeon James Orton to the Medical charge of the Residency of Cambay; vice Geraud, promoted to full Surgeon; and assistant Surgeon Richard Sharp to the Residency of Bushire; vice Orton, removed to Cambay.

Surgeon Geraud will officiate at Cambay until relieved by Mr. Orton.

The Right Honorable the Governor in Council, is pleased to appoint Surgeon J. A. Maxwell to act as Medical Store Keeper at the Presidency, until further orders.

Bombay Castle, 12th June 1816.

The Right Honorable the Governor in Council is pleased to accept Captain Lieut. J. Elders's resignation of his appointment of Quarter Master of the Honorable Company's Regiment of European Infantry, and to make the following appointment in that Regiment.

Honorable Company's European Regiment.

Lieu. William Henderson, to be Quarter Master, vice Elder resigned,—date of appointment 5th June 1816.

Bombay Castle, 13th June 1816.

The Right Honorable the Governor in Council is pleased to appoint Captain Brown of His Majesty's 69th Regiment, to be Aid de Camp to Major General Brown, from the 15th of last month.

Bombay Castle, 7th June 1816.

Captain Strover, Deputy Commissary of Stores at the Presidency, having returned from the Deckan, is directed to resume his situation, and Lieutenant Stevenson who, by the orders of the 6th May, stands appointed to act as Deputy Commissary of Stores till the arrival of Captain Strover, is directed to officiate as a Deputy in that Department during Major Leighton's absence, or until further orders.

Ensign John McLeod of the Corps of Engineers, is appointed Aid-de-Camp to the Right Honorable the Governor, in the room of Lieutenant A. Riddell, date of appointment the 3d instant.

BOMBAY CASTLE, 14TH JUNE 1816.

The following Appointments on the Division of the Poonah Subsidiary Force, taking the Field, are confirmed, from the 21st of April last.

1st BRIGADE.

Lieut. Colonel Kingscote, His Majesty's 56th Regt.
Capt. Barrington, H. M's. 56th Begt. Brigade Major.
Lieut. Robertson H. M's. 56th Regt. Quarter Master.

2d BRIGADE.

Lieut. Colonel Roome, 1st Batt. 6th Regiment N. I.
Brevet Capt. Fearon 1st 3d Regt. N. I. Brig. Major.
Lieut. Baily 1st 3d Regt. N. I. Quarter Master.

The following Promotions are ordered to take place:

8th Regiment Native Infantry.

Captain Lieutenant John Snodgrass, to be Captain of a Company, Lieutenant Joseph Smith to be Captain Lieutenant, and Ensign B. McMahon to be Lieutenant in succession to Layburn Invalided.—Date of Rank 7th June 1816.

By Order of the Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council,
J. FARISH.
Sec. to Govt.

CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.

MR. Charles Shubrick, to be Collector of Broach, vice Bellassis deceased.

Mr. Thomas Flower to be Deputy Warehouse-keeper, vice Shubrick.

Mr. John Raymond Snow, to be Post master General, vice Flower.

Mr. Stephen Babington to be Judge and Magistrate of Salsette, in the room of Mr. Hallet.

Mr. James Henderson, to be Secretary to Government, in the Secret, Political, and Foreign Department, vice Babington.

Mr. John Bax, to be Register to the Sudder Adawlut and to the Superior Tribunal, vice Henderson.

Mr. William Stubb to be Assistant to the Magistrate of Malwan.

NAUTICAL CHRONICLE & NAVAL REPORT

BOMBAY.

ARRIVED.—June 22d, His Majesty's Sloop Challinger, P. H. Bridges, Esq. Captain from Trincomalie

BOMBAY.

BIRTHS.—At Byculla, On Monday the 10th Instant the lady of Captain Lewis, of the 4th Regt. of a Son.

On Tuesday the 11th Instant, the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Leighton, of a Son.

On Thursday the 13th Instant, the lady of Lieut. Colonel Aitcheson, of a Son.

The Gazette.

BOMBAY, 26th JUNE 1816.

WE have received no intelligence, from Europe, since our last, and the papers which have lately reached us from the other Presidencies are entirely destitute of news.

As it is said another motion is likely to be made in the House of Commons for increasing the Duke of Cumberland's allowance, we have thought it might be interesting to some of our readers to give, as well the *whole* of the Queens letter to her Brother as Her Majestys own explanation of the circumstances under which it was written. We stile it her explanation, because it obviously appears to have been inserted by Mr. Perry, in the Chronicle, with her Majesty's immediate concurrence and by her express desire.

English Extracts.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(Continued from our Paper of Wednesday.)

On the entrance of the field, near the road to Nivelles, was an ambulance, or moving hospital of the British, where the wounded of all nations were dressed, and then forwarded to Brussels. There were several tents, and some men from Brussels, with whom we spoke, and who had been there, and saw amputations, &c. performed, praised very highly the humanity, care, and address, of the English surgeons. All the French wounded men with whom we spoke during two days, were quite contented with British care and surgeons, but many said they would rather die than come again under the hands of the Prussians who had dressed their wounds after the British—as *they* always accompanied it with abuses and ill language, calling them dogs, rascals, &c. "*Chien de Franzozen, Verstught Franzoss,*" &c.

On each side of the road to Nivelles were dead men and horses, principally to the left, and towards the village of Mount Saint John, on the ground which fronted the British line, where great numbers of peasants were employed making large trenches, and burying them.

At Hugomont, a very large farm, enclosed by buildings, and surrounded by orchards and wood, the number of dead was immense. This position, which was on the British right wing, was most obstinately and long defended—I believe by the Guards, some Brunswickers, and Belgians. They had loopholed a long wall, which surrounded in part an orchard or garden. The hedges and trees, in front of this, and all round the farm, are full of bullets, from both sides, and the attacking party must have suffered greatly—it was at last burned. The square, or inside of the farm-yard, presented nothing but a heap of ruins, filled with dead. This farm is a league from Mount St. John, and on the left, in front of the little wood, where Buonaparte was at different times during the action, where, it is said, he mounted an observatory, or scaffolding, which commanded a view of the full extent of both lines (5.) This frame-work had been erected, some months before, by the British engineers, who had made a survey of the country (as we were told at Genappe). But this position was well removed from any danger, or at least where the battle existed.

(5) It is now said he never was upon this scaffolding; and when I saw it, there was no ladder or means for getting up: it appeared upwards of sixty feet high.

We went to Nivelles, a small, pretty town, in a hollow, and not to be perceived till you come close to it, the hills and grounds all about it being much covered with hedge-rows and wood: it had been the head-quarters of the Belgians some time before the 16th, and though surrounded and touched almost by the different armies, Allies and French, during the days of the contest, it escaped pillage—one French soldier had entered on the 17th, and ordered rations for a picquet of fifty men, but when they were sent out, the picquet was gone. This man, having executed his commission, drank some wine, which he ordered the Mayor to give him, went to see his *bourgeois*, as he called him, an inhabitant of the town, at whose house he had been billetted, on his return, some months before, from prison in Russia, and where he had been treated kindly. He assured his old landlord of his regard and protection, saying he would save him from plunder. We met at the inn, where we dined and slept (*the widow Monton's au Roi d' Espagne*—a civil house), a young man, Monsieur Lime, of a noble family in Brussels, who is Inspector of Forests. From his residence there, and his duties as ranger, he was acquainted with all that passed previous to and after the battle. He was not only very polite but hospitable; he introduced us to the Society, the Reading-room, and would not suffer us to pay for any thing. He shewed us the town and environs, and through him we got many anecdotes of the day, too much to detail, and many of them by no means creditable to the Prussians, who robbed, plundered, and sabred the defenceless and poor cottagers, women as well as men. One poor woman came to the inn crying, with a basket full of little turkies, not larger than quails, which some Prussians, who had entered after their companions, had taken all she had to eat and drink, and not finding brandy, had killed, by crushing them, turning a table upside down on them as they lay in a groupe. On this rising brood her whole hopes depended, and she lamented them severely, but without saying much. She had come to the mistress of the inn at six o'clock, when we were setting off, saying she feared to return to her house. The town's people had armed themselves, and formed a guard to protect their property. Cows horses, &c. had been carried away by these maranders, and stragglers who remained after the army. We met numbers on the roads, and saw them crossing the fields, during the two days, but among them not a British, Belgic or German uniform. All were Landwehr or Prussians, wearing black and white cockades, and the cross on their bonnets, and a more starved, shabby, and banditti-looking set cannot be imagined.

The country from Nivelles to Quatre Bras, is fine, well cultivated, well wooded, and has three or four fine chateaus or country houses, with large farms joining them. Not far from the road, which is a fine well paved chaussee, about a mile and a half from Quatre Bras, is the pretty village of Wooteau, with a church, a chateau or old fashioned convent, with good gardens, fish-ponds, &c. This place seemed to be almost deserted; the houses shut up, and those that were open had their empty casks lying at the doors, probably to shew there was nothing more. Crops, however, as we passed along, were very little injured; there was merely a beaten track on the side of the road. As there are little or no fences, in some spots where the troops had bivouacked the corn was beaten down, and patches of clover cut, but it appeared a mere trifle in the extensive and fine fields of wheat and rye just coming ripe. Luckily for the farmers, the passage of the armies was so quick, and they were so much employed, they had not time, and they dared not let their horses wander. On this road we saw many dead horses, but no men; and *some* of the peasants were at work in the fields cutting clover for the cattle that remained; but the greater part, as well as from the neighbourhood of Charleroi, had been driven into the Great Forest of Soignes, on the 13th and 14th; and our acquaintance, the Inspector, told us, he had seen great numbers of horses which had escaped from the battle, and which the peasants drove into the thick parts of the woods till a better occasion.

Quatre Bras, near and at which point the English were first engaged on the 16th, is the joining of four roads; there is a petty inn or cabaret, where carriers stop on one side, and on the other a large farm-house, with offices, barns, stables, well and newly-built of brick, and slated, and, like all the farms in that country, forming an extensive and strong enclosure, being surrounded by houses, and entered by one great gateway. Three or four smaller peasants' houses are detached and near it on the other side the road to Brussels the country all around it quite open, and plains, except at the back of the inn between the roads of Nivelles and Charleroi, or to Fleurus, where the wood of of Bossee runs up in an angle to join the gardens, and the ground rises in this quarter more than on the other three; the plain opposite the wood on the side of Brussels was covered with dead, and the wreck and ruin of soldiers' appointments, chacos, hats, shoes, belts, cartridge boxes, arms broken, and buried half in the clay, overturned and broken caissons, balls, shells, and wet cannon cartridges, some knapsacks, and an immense quantity of books and papers strewed over the field, that had been thrown away by those who stripped the dead, and sought for booty. A few miserable looking women, some children, and old men, were wandering over the field, and with a bayonet on a stick, or a sword, turning over the torn cloths, belts, chacos, &c. which remained in great numbers, and which perhaps they had before rejected. In the gardens near the houses, where it seemed to have been the hottest, they had buried the men who fell there, but legs and hands were still sticking out, it had been done in such haste; in the stables and out-houses were wounded men, lying among dead horses, the peasants were then employed dragging out the latter, and the situation of the poor devils who were yet alive, was distressing, in filth and wet, without any kind of nourishment.—A few peasants who seemed to have nothing for themselves, were some employed in the interments, others looking on and seeming quite absorbed in thought, or like men after being drunk. Many Prussian soldiers in twos and threes, sometimes more, were seen straggling on in the direction to Charlemi, and their approach always caused looks of inquietude and uneasiness.—On the road at the farm, lay the remains or skeleton of a new, and seemingly a handsome carriage or landou, painted yellow; a cannon shot had passed right through the pannels, and every bit of cloth, leather, and iron, that was easy to be removed, had been stripped and cut off. The wheels were gone, and it presented a striking picture of the change of fortune of whatever general it belonged to.

From Quatre Bras through Genappe to Caillon, La Belle Alliance, the Haye Saint, and to Mount St. John, the road, which is a wide good pavement in the centre, and the sides clay, with very little fence or ditch, passes through an open country, all corn fields; there are some houses, gardens, and orchards on the road side from Quatre Bras to the town of Genappe, but though not burned, they had all the marks of the devasting torrent that seemed to have rushed over this tract. Men, horses, with all the materials of an army, lay crushed on the road and in the fields on either side, which in some spots, by the few remaining ears of corn, shewed that they had been covered with grain. Among this ruin of helmets, arms, cuirasses, saddles, dragoons pelisses, chabrocks, camp kettles, gabions, shoes, chapeaus, balls, wet powder, broken tumbrils, &c. you saw the remains of cows and pigs, calves, cats, dogs and poultry, and such a great quantity of paper, that I was almost tempted to believe, that *one* regiment or battalion of Austrians, *at least*, had been routed, and that the Chancelerie, or Auditor's baggage, which always exceeds in volume, as well as other heavy qualities, had been dispersed by the winds, and remained scattered on the land.

Genappe, a small place in a hollow rather, and on the Dyle, where the river is still narrow and turns two or three miles, presented a scene of misery and desolation, as we passed through it about a quarter of a mile, houses all shut up, windows broken, a few frightened and straggling men and women, dirty and shivering. The inn, which is at the end of the town next Brussels, was a scene of filth and ruin; every bit of furniture gone; windows and even the partitions of the rooms up stairs, burst in; the cellar full of mud and empty casks; and the house, from top to bottom filled with wounded French, lying like herrings one against the other, on dirty and bloody straw. One room, on the ground floor, was the hospital or cutting room; here four French surgeons, two of them Surgeon-Majors, great fat fellows, with fine embroidered coats and bloody aprons, were at work; and I never saw men cut with less feeling. One poor fellow remonstrated strongly, that *bon soldat* was much better with two legs than one, and prayed Mousieur le Major not to cut it off; but Monsieur le Major, after cutting a line deep and firm from the knee downwards, and putting the unfortunate wretch to great torment, by poking with his finger, said there was gangreen and cut it off. There were two heaps of legs and arms, that had been amputated, lying in the inn-yard on the dunghill, which, without exaggeration, would have required two large carts to remove them. Another poor fellow we saw dressed while we stood in the street, as our horse eat his oats near the inn, had one side of his face, his ear, and part of the head, cut off with a sabre, and was a most horrid spectacle. There were in the town 1,800 *wounded French*, many Prussians, and an ambulance of that nation, who were at work in another place, but we had enough of the French surgeons to wish to see any more operations. B——— grew sick; and had only relief from the brandy bottle—infallible for a Russian. His vinegar, *de quartre volteurs*, he distributed freely *aux autres*. While he was giving wine to one, he offered some linen, on which was vinegar, to another, to pass to his comrade who was fainting, not being willing to walk over the poor devils who lay so thick; and this man said, with a jeering tone, "*Approchez donc! approchez, Messieurs, hardiment! vous n' avez rien a craindre de nous autres a present.*" Most all of them cried and groaned, and complained very much. Some among them cried "*Vive l' Empereur!*" others said, "*Attendez, Napoleon! serait ici dans six lemoins.*" General Duhesme was sabred in this house; he had fled to the cellar, having first burst the doors with the Imperial guard, but the Prussians found him. Wellington had breakfasted there on the 17th with his Staff, and expecting his return they had made preparations, killed cocks and hens, &c. Napoleon was in the course of the day, and Jerome supped on the poultry, &c. destined for the Duke. The innkeeper said, he had not been paid by any of them, but he was quite sure of Wellington's bill and hoped also he would pay him for the wine drank and spilled in his cellar, which he magnified both in quality and quantity. At all events, his house was a perfect wreck and a most disgusting one. There had been two charges or shocks of cavalry opposite this house, and the wall on both sides the street bore the marks. The Imerial Guard came on here agt. the British heavy cavalry, crying, "*Encore a la charge mes enfans l' Empereurt vient !!!* At this time Bonaparte whom they thought so near, was flying, in a round hat and a grey surtout. His carriages, baggage, state robes, &c. which countrary to his usual mode, had been brought so far in advance, *from his being certain* of getting to Brussels, were now in jeopardy. They attempted to get away by taking to the fields instead of the road, which was encumbered with the flying army, &c.; and they had effected a passage through a barn and farm-yard, but seeing the British cavalry approaching, they returned, and in a few moments after were taken by the Prussians, who happened to have the good luck. The farmer, through whose yard they had passed, told us, they had 36 mules and a relay of 30 houses for his suite, and that he saw Napoleon flying, galloping away *en habit bourgeois et chapeau rond.*

The peasants and boys with whom I spoke here, and gave them bread and brandy, seem stupified like the others. They all speak French, but I could get little out of them, and they would not acknowledge to have found any thing. Though all the poorer sort had made a good harvest by the battle, and all the rich who had horses, cattle, &c. had been the losers, next crop will pay them well, it is so manured; and dead horses and men, when they are reduced clay, will be a mine of wealth for them.

On the rising ground on the left, leaving Genappe towards La Belle Alliance, we saw a large park of artillery, with caissons, &c. the guns which had been abandoned by the French in their flight. They seemed to be all new and in excellent order; there were more than 130 pieces, I think (6). On the road were several caissons, tumbrils, &c. overturned and broken, but of excellent workmanship, and strong. All this line, on both sides, bore the same marks of disaster as the road and fields on the other side the town.

The number of dead horses seemed to increase; in many places it was difficult to find a place to pass on the road, although there were many peasants employed with teams, dragging them away to great fires, in which, with the men, they were burned. Some were placed under banks, and the clay or sand shovelled over them. But the smell, the scene of havoc, and the same objects, were repeated, and multiplied as we approached La Haye Saint and Mount St. John. At Caillon, a large farm on the road-side, on the right leaving Genappe, and before you come to Maison le Roi or Planchenoit the stench, and the number of dead men and horses, was dreadful. I could have stood it, but my companion B——— and our coachman got a little frightened, and with all the aid of vinegars, &c. they feared to catch a plague or fever. This, and the fear of being *assassinated* or robbed, returning through the forest late, made us pass over this point hastily; and we were even mistaken, we found after, as to the name, supposing it to be the Belle Alliance, which is a paltry ale-house, without trees, or offices, or wood, or for a farm, about a league or more nearer to Waterloo.

Planchenoit is a village, seen, with a church, among trees, on the right of Genappe to Belle Alliance; about a mile distant, near and in front of this place, the Imperial Guard were in reserve. The Observatory, on which Napoleon was at one time, is nearly abreast of this point, but on the left of the chaussee, and a mile or more distant—so that the chief point of his repeated attacks on the British lay in the front of these, and near the cause way leading to Brussels, which was his great object to force. The farm of Hugomont, on the left, in front, cost him great numbers before it was burned: but the heaviest loss, and most dreadful part of the battle, was on the heights near the Haye Saint, and in front of the farm of Mount St. John, which stands a quarter of a mile or more advanced from the village towards the plain. Up to this point the French never penetrated, though they have said, in different reports, they were on the plateau immediateiy joining the forest of Soignes.

The farm of La Haye Saint is a large square, built with houses, barns, &c. on three sides, and a high wall in front on the road. It is slated, and though there were many shot marks, it was not burned. The scene at this place was more distressing than at Genappe—more than 800 French lay wounded and dying, and not a drop of water was to be procured, nor any kind of liquid, or relief, except dressing and binding their wounds, which was done by the English and German legion. There was a British guard of a few men and an officer, and they sent round *patrouills*, and put all the carriages to be found on the roads into requisition, ours, as well as seven or eight more, and we accompanied these wounded, as many as could be placed in the carriages, on foot, to Brussels. There were also numbers already forwarded that day on peasants' carts and hospital waggons, and we met many inhabitants of Brussels coming out with large carts, loaded with casks of beer, &c. to give to those who they could not bring away; they distributed bottles of it to the wounded that were with our convoy. In every instance, the kindness and humanity of the people to the wounded of *all nations was extreme.* But not a single Prussian passed us (and we met great numbers straggling along, some in bands, others alone) that did not say something insulting, damning us for French rascles, because the wounded were in our carriages, and we walked near them—as the party considered it more safe to stick together than return separate. B——— strove to reason and talk to these Prussians, in German, saying we were English, &c.; but it was in vain—the most moderate would only agree we were damned fools, for they said Frenchmen would not treat us so.

Among the multitude of things that still lay on the field, though all that was valuable except arms (and many of these) had been carried away by the peasants, were the *livrettes*, or little books, of the French soldiers: each man is obliged to have one, in which his date of entering service, age, name, family, campaigns he has served, and wounds received, are noticed—then the necessaries he has received, shirts, shoes-epaulets, belts, &c. from the regiment, and which are charged to him *against* his pay; at the end, rules for his conduct, and what his duty is in quarters and on his post, and the punishments he is liable to for difficiences. I did not find one, among great numbers I looked into, who had not served four, five, six, and some more years; many had been in prison, and reentered service in 1814. On this part of the field I also found many white cockades among the papers; they were probably preserved to serve on occasion, as the tri-colours had been before in France.

In the village of Mount St. John, and even at the farm house, there was not any battle, still less at Waterloo, which is more than a mile in the rear.

On our return to Brussels we found the road much cleared, many of the horses buried, and the waggons removed; indeed the iron-work was quickly pillaged, and many wheels that were not broken. The forest afforded a safe store-house for all these things; and we saw numbers of boys, girls, men, &c. wading and groping in the mud, where they picked up chains of carts, bits of bridles, &c. although the *maree chaussee* were on duty, to prevent *gemmen* from indulging their passion for relics of Waterloo. Among the military carts, caissons, or tumbrils, overturned or broken, I did not see one British, and not seeing any stragglers or marauders with the uniform of *my* country, gave still more pleasure: however, I know they are not such prodigies of prudence and good conduct—soldiers and sailors, without the strictest discipline, resemble much in all countries.

On our return to Brussels, we again witnessed in repeated ways and instances, the care and attention of the inhabitants to the wounded; the Scotchmen were particularly sought out by the people, who wished to have them in their houses. They are quiet, orderly, and sober, very civil, and directly opposite to the Prussians, who are *never to be satisfied*, nor are are they *ever thankful.* But the British troops not only pay for their food, &c. but are grateful, and express, as well as they can, their acknowledgments for favours received. The days of the battle there was many a bright eye in tears, and young women or girls running in all quarters, asking news, and hiding their faces, red with crying, under their *fahls*, or black silk scarfs. Altogether, it may be said, the English were well liked at Brussels, at least by contrast—for the Prussians were, as every where else, detested. I am forced to touch on this again, and did it not seem a personal dislike, I could say more, and give you many instances, that came under my own view, of the overbearing conduct, and vaporing cowardice, of a set of ignorant, half-fledged young men, in a country where nine in ten of them were existing and still breathing by the charity of the people.

I left my company at Brussels; he, though a Russian was more incensed at the conduct we hourly witnessed of the Prussian officers as well as men, and perhaps understanding their language (the German) perfectly, heard things which I did not well comprehend. I went to Louvain, and from thence, in company with a family of my acquintance, to Wavre. We dined with a Curate at Bossee, or Bosuit, a fine and hospitable old man. His house stands on the highest point, and commands a good view of the town and the field of battle; there, from his upper windows, he explained it all to us like an old soldier, and said he never saw any thing so fine, nor saw or heard so constant, sovery *unrelenting* cannonade. He entertained us hospitably—is rich—has a fine, *really elegant church*, near his house. In former wars, for he is near *eighty years*, he was pillaged three times; but now he escaped, having taken good precaution to have, with his *flock*, bread, meat, beer, cheese&c. always ready in the village, and when soldiers came, gave them to eat and drink, and prevented them entering the houses, from which, by the bye, all the valuables had been removed. He had beside, quartered on him, a Prussian Captain, a man *comme il faut*, both soldier and gentleman, and a good scholar.

His niece, who now lives with him, is sister to General Evers, now Inspector-General of Cavalry, and an old soldier, who has served with distinction. This lady, who has great good sense, has been half over Europe with the General in his compaigns. *He* is now married, and she retired with her uncle. I have seen few women so clever, and at the sametime so good-natured, as Modemoiselle Trinette Evers.

The town of Wavre, a pretty clean place, about 4 or 5,000 inhabitants, is quite in a hollow, commanded by the heights from all sides, and by no means a military position; but the Dyle traverses it in two points, and it was essential to gain this to secure the pass to Louvain. They fought with great obstinacy in this place, and the Prussians were beaten out, and the French were masters of the first bridge in the Town. The houses were *convered with marks of musketry like hail*; they fought in the houses; there was no quarter given, and the French burned 27 houses in the street at the entrance or in the Upper Town. The Prussians set those in the Lower Town, or Bas-Wavre, on fire, broke up the bridge, and retired to the heights; 22 houses were burned in that part, which is separated from the town by a large meadow and a long alley of trees (a promenade). Many other houses were on the point of conflagration, the furniture piled up in the rooms, and straw ready, when the French were, in their turn, dislodged. The innkeeper told us he prayed and remonstrated with the Officer who was going to burn his house, said he was the father of a family, and would be ruined, &c; to which the Officer replied, "*C'ast egal je suis pere de famille moi meme, mais c'est l'ordre de l' Empereur!*"

It appears strange, that after so much, and such determined fighting, the people said there was not more than 500 buried. They told us a variety of stories: ill conduct and abusive language of the French soldiers to the respectable women of the place, who came to the church to dress their wounds and help them; a French drummer, who beat the drum with one hand, when he was wounded in the other, saying his blood flowed for the Emperor; a French Serjeant-Major, who had remained to pillage after the others were gone, fired at a woman, and was cut down by a Prussian hussar, who got 180 Napoleon d'[illegible] as booty. When the French chased the [illegible]s out, as they pursued them through the streets [illegible] stopped to kick the dead bodies and call them [illegible]es. Many other pretty little anecdotes of the day, and same stamp of the Prussians. They were not much better; they got the *gard champetre*, a kind of wood-ranger of the police, as a guide to accompany them, and the day following he was found hanging on a tree. The field over Wavre was beaten and trodden down as the fields at Belle Alliance, &c. but the dead were buried, and the smell was worse, it was scarcely possible to approach it.

In the diligence from Brussels to Louvain, I found the four French surgeons we had seen at Genappe; they were in the same clothes, and the blood and clot was on their boots and nankeen pantaloons, and sleeves of their fine laced coats, nothing of which, I believe, they had ever taken off their backs since before the battle. I never saw more filthy disgusting fellows; and, having seen them at work, made me still more adverse to approaching them. Luckily I found a place outside; and, strange to say, for Frenchmen, they seemed as beastly in manners as dress.

June 28, 1815.

The British Press December 26, 1815

(6) We saw another park of French guns and caissons near Mount St. John, but as they extended behind an orchard, I could not count them *en passant.*

LETTER FROM HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF MECKLINBERG STRELITZ.

WINDSOR, 10TH OCTOBER, 1814.

SIR, MY DEAREST BROTHER,

I can scarcely find words sufficiently strong to express to you the joy I felt on receiving your letter, with which my Son's Messenger was charged. The excuses you make respecting your long silence, my dear Friend, are superfluous, knowing, as I do, that the waters of Pyrmont will not allow of any application whatever, and as I agree with you that the princess of Solms could not on this occasion foresee that you would not write.

Thus, then, this union is near its conclusion; God grant that the brilliant perspective which both have formed may be realized, in the result of which the age of both authorizes the most flattering hopes, and in which the character you trace of your daughter gives me the greatest confidence.

You may be assured, my dear Brother, that I shall endeavour to render the residence of the Princess of Solms amongst us as pleasant and agreeable as circumstances will permit, considering that my sedentary life prevents me from contributing much to the amusement of the Princess, and that the greater part of my time is passed in the country, where our society is very limited, and our life uniform. She will, however, be always a welcome guest when she comes, and we shall endeavour, my daughters and myself, to do our best to entertain her.

I have written to my son the Duke of Cumberland my ideas relative to the children of Solms. I thought this necessary, to correct a misunderstanding which had taken place on both sides; I endeavoured to the utmost of my power to convince him how necessary it was to observe the precautions which I suggested. The desire of preventing inconveniences in future to both parties, induced me to take this step.

As I have reason to believe that paternal advice will have a salutary influence on your daughter, I think I may confide to you what will be essential for the Princess on her arrival here. The usages of this country being so different from what they are on the Continent in every respect, I fear that my son may not be sufficiently attentive to them. AS THIS IS FOR YOU ALONE, I confide to you that it is not the fashion here to receive morning visits from Gentlemen, to which she will be exposed by the circumstance of the Duke being Colonel of a regiment, unless he himself introduces them to her; she should also be very circumspect in the choice of Ladies with whom she shall associate which will be so much the more necessary, as the Duke has acquaintance amongst our sex, who, although not actually of bad conduct, might however become injurious to her in point of policy. I have found that the advice of the dear King, of being uniformly polite to every one, *of doing nothing in the spirit of party, and of adhering, closely to his family*, has been my surest guidance during my long residence here, and I think I cannot do better than to transmit these sentiments by you, dear brother and friend, as father to my niece and future drughter inlaw, which you will make use of in such a manner as you shall judge proper. I have sent by the Messenger six pounds of tea and two cheeses, eat the latter to my health, and in drinking the tea remember a sister whose attachment for you will not cease but with death, to be,

Sir, my dearest Brother,
Your very affectionate Sister
and faithful Friend,
CHARLOTTE.

To Monsieur my Brother,
the reigning Duke of
Mecklinberg.

[*The Morning Chronicle Nov.* 18, 1815.

We have been desired to recal the attention of the public to the correspondence on the subject of the marriage between their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. The delicacy of treating this matter with the decorum and respect due to female feelings, makes it extremely difficult for us to discharge

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Bombay Gazette.

EXTRAORDINARY.

Wednesday, 26th June 1816.

We feel considerable pleasure in stating that the Marquis of Ely, Captain Dalrymple, reached this port, in safety, yesterday evening, having left Deal on the 26th of February.—She spoke the H. C's. Ships Charles Grant and David Scott in 1—30 North—all well—The Essex was ahead, and the rest of the China fleet were expected to sail from St. Helena in the course of a few days after them: Buonaparte was in excellent spirits.—

PASSENGERS.

Messrs. W. Bruce, Writer,
W. Frazer, Surgeon,
R. Glasspoole 2d officer of Buckinghamshire,
B. Shelly, free Mariner,
A. Grant Do.
A. Pelly Do.
Thos. Boyce,
W. Bryan, volunteer for the Bombay Marine,
G. Goreham Do.
Detachments of the 17th Dragoons, 47th & 56th Foot.

We are just led to understand that tho' the Packets are landed, no Letters will be ready for delivery at the Post Office til to-morrow at twelve o'clock.

EXTRACTS.

Peace Establishment—Navy 38,000, Army 150,000.

25 Million francs to be divided among the Waterloo and Hanoverian troops.

Great failures of Bankers and Merchants particularly of Glasgow and Liverpool.

The Russian Army supplied with 750,000 suits of Regimentals from Yorkshire—value £1,500,000.

Brazil erected into a Kingdom.

Marshal Beresford carried his point with the Regency of Portugal—promoted in consequence.

Capt. Harrower late of Bombay tried for Bigamy and confined in Newgate 6 months.

Lady Webster recovered £2000 damage from the Editor of St. James's Chronicle for a libel.

The Prince Royal of Wurtemburgh married to the Dutchess of Oldenburgh at St. Petersburgh.

The Prince of Saxe Coubourg arrived in London; his marriage with the Princess Charlotte daily expected.

GAZETTE PRESS.

this painful duty; but we have no alternative—we are called upon to explain the circumstances which gave rise to the apparent inconsistency between the determination of the Queen not to see the Lady, and the assent which her Majesty gave to the marriage, as expressed in the letter to the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, an extract from which we published on Saturday the 7th ult. On that day we promised a continuation of the narrative; but it was deemed prudent to abstain from any further statement, in the hope that an amicable termination of the difference would take place. That prospect seems now to be closed. But, the publication of a part of her Majesty's letter has had such an impression on the minds of many persons, as to make it incumbent on us to insert the reasons that induced her Majesty to withdraw the assent that she had given to the marriage before it was solemnized, & to persevere in her resolution not to receive the Lady, now that it has taken place. We shall state the matter precisely as it has been transmitted to us from the most respectableauthority without a comment

The Queen had given her consent, in common with all the Royal Family, to the marriage of the Duke of Cambridge with the Duchess Solms, and heard of its being broken off with regret. The King, from that respect to her feelings which he ever shewed, did not communicate to her the contents of the letter written on that occasion by the King of Prussia; nor did any one person think it right, on account of the very near degree of relationship in which she stood to the Lady, to whisper a syllable to her respecting her Niece; so that all which had ever come to her knowledge was the circumstance of her breaking off the contract with the Duke of Cambridge, after the great seal had been put to the royal assent, but which she was disposed to ascribe to the influence of a new & a pardonable affection for the Prince to whom she was afterwards united. The letters therefore which she wrote to her brother the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, to the Princess Solms herself, &c. were the genuine feelings of her heart at the time; and if the whole of these letters had been published, instead of the short extract that appeared in *The Morning Chronicle*, it would have been made manifest that the consent which she gave sprung from a breast warmly attached to her relative, at the same time that the advice contained in it as to the deportment of her niece in England, shewed that she had reason to think, from her knowledge of the rupture of the affiance with her youngest son, that it was necessary to warn her as to her conduct while in England; with regard to the Duke of Cumberland's acquaintance *male & female*, as well as to her behaviour in general: the manners, in this country being so different from those in Germany. The letter to the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz it may be proper to print entire. It will be seen from its own internal evidence, that it was a letter strictly confidential from a sister to a brother.

It appears however, that this letter, as well as the others written at the same time, were permitted to transpire in Germany, the effect of which was, that *more than one near Connection of the Royal Family of England* felt it right to communicate to her Majesty particulars which induced her to hesitate in her own mind as to the propriety of the intended union; and her Majesty communicated her feelings on the subject to the Prince Regent, *for the express purpose that he should take the necessary steps*, in the most delicate and respectful way, to inform the Duke of Cumberland of her Majesty's determination not to receive the Lady at the English Court. This conversation took place at an interview with his Royal Highness in the beginning of the month of December last: and her Majesty had full confidence that her indisposition to the alliance was made known to the Duke of Cumberland. If it was not so, the concealment did not rest with her Majesty.

(The Morning Chronicle,—Nov. 15.

FACTION UNMASKED;

Or, a Letter to the ROMAN CATHOLICS *of Ireland, on the conduct of certain men who compose the* Catholic Junta.

A Pamphlet, bearing the above title, has just appeared in Dublin, where it has excited an uncommon degree of interest. It is presumed to be the work of Mr. Grattan, or of his son; and as affording a little insight into the character and views of the persons who have assumed to themselves the lead in those questions which have so long agitated that distracted country; we present the following extracts to our readers.

To the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

I write to you, because I am a friend to Catholic liberty and British connexion, and because I do not think that the latter can exist without the former; the two countries may go on together for years; force may keep them together for a century; but if the legislature that binds should once relax, the tie will be dissolved for ever.

You have been injured long, you have been injured much, you have been great sufferers, but you have often been the instrument of your own sufferings: you follow bad men, who have at heart any thing but your interest, who lead you into difficulties and then abandon you. In the last century, and in the century before last, the Catholics were misled by foolish leaders; in the present century they are misled by knavish ones.

In former times, the men who managed the Catholic affairs profited little, either by the situation of Charles the First, by the religion of Charles the Second, by the bigotry of a James, and the bounty of a George; the mildness of Ormond, of Clanrickard, the talents of D'Arcy, were lost upon them; they were led away by different characters; they listened to a Rennuccini and a Plunket, and the wicked cunning of the one, and the signal baseness of the other brought about general degradation and demolition.—The leaders of the present day are more low; equally incapable, and just as imprudent:—they ask for freedom, and insult all the parties from whom they are to obtain it;—they abuse the persons who are to propose your question, they threaten the Parliament who are to discuss it,—they insult the Prince who was to accede to it; they offend one personage who could render you service, and flatter another who could procure for you nothing; and finally, on all occasions, they abuse Great Britain, and inculcate this rant on the minds of the people with an appropriate coarseness and a mischievous activity.—Guided by such men, you can never hope to advance; your cause had almost succeeded,—it is now thrown back, and instead of an honourable victory, you have experienced a senseless defeat.

If Catholic injury demanded redress, Protestant fear required security;—to satisfy the Irish Catholic was justice, but to dissatisfy the Protestant on an experiment, to satisfy men who (it now appears) were not to be satisfied, was out of the question.—These turbulent leaders cried out against the bill, and the Commission provided by the bill; this Commission was to consist of four or five Catholics, one of them a Bishop, chosen by the Executive, but from the people, so as to give the Crown less influence than a Veto; and yet in their unintelligible jargon, the leaders called this a double Veto!—it was to be resorted to only in cases of disaffection, and yet these leaders complained of this as worse than the Penal Code! they cried out against the Commission;—the Commission was better than the Veto;—they will not get the Commission, and the Crown will get the Veto.

What is your situation at present? Quarantotti, in his Rescript, has decided against your leaders; the Pope has decided against your leaders; neither find any objection to certain securities, and the Pope is willing to yield them;—the Government will therefore say to you, I can get these securities in spite of you; if the efore you are to get your privileges, I must get securities; and if you refuse these securities, I will refuse your privileges.—Thus your leaders have placed you on the weakest ground possible, and have involved yon in a dispute with Government, in which Government must in all events necessarily triumph.

Consider for a moment how these Leaders have acted; view them in their legal, political, and *legislative* usurpations; in their Courts, their meetings, and their board.—In their professional capacity it might be supposed they would act well; at least they had less excuse for acting ill, and yet they no sooner take the management of the legal dispute into their own hands, than you are defeated.

They form an assembly, (useful if well directed) but they pervert it to such abominable purposes, that the upper orders of Catholics are disgusted, the moderate Cotholics can no longer support them, the Protestants become alarmed, and the Goverment are at length obliged to dissolve them.

In this assembly they assume a right to influence the electors; they expel men for their votes at the general election; they impose a contribution on the Catholic population throughout the kingdom; they appoint committees of finance, revising committees of accounts, inquisitions on seceders; they pass votes of credit, votes of censure; move propositions to exclude British manufactures; they propose to apply for juries *de medietate*, to make the distinction between Protestant and Catholic eternal; they resolve to appeal to the Spanish nation, to make the breach between Great Britain and Ireland irreparable: thus they would render national division irremediable and establish by law a perpetual hostility; they talk about the repeal of the Union; they speak of ulterior measures; they vote money to support individual prosecutions; they send down counsel special; they propose to dictate to the Members of of Parliament who present the general petition; they publish long speeches they never make, and print turbulent sentiments they would have feared to utter, and decline to avow;—they draw up a bill to prescribe to Parliament; they dictate to its Members.

They attack Lord D——h——e; he retorts; they yield; he is to present the petition, on the idea that he will bring on a discussion; instead of that, he withdraws his motion that the House should take into considerarion the state of the Roman Catholics, and so manages that even a resolution calling on the House to take the Question into its consideration in the ensuing Session,—*is negatived.—These Leaders thank him.*

They degrade the character and dignity of your cause; they go a begging with their petition, and hawk it about for presentation.

Examine their Leader, O'C——ll; he assumes a right to direct the Catholics of Ireland; he advises, harangues and he excites; he does not attempt to allay the passions of a warm and mercurial people; he does not exhort them to works of industry and peace, in close alliance with Great Britain, to promote agriculture, commerce and manufactures, and derive wealth and strength and credit from the various benefits of its rich and luxurious connexion. No such thing;—full of inflammatory matter, his declamations breathed every thing but harmony, and vented against Great Britain the most mischievous, and the most disgusting calumny falsehood and nonsense; equalled only by its excessive imprudence.

When he enumerated the grievance of the Catholic body, he omitted the greatest grievance!—himself! When he called for the repeal of civil and religious disqualification, he shewed that there existed another, more durable, and much more insurmountable a, moral disqualification in his own person, a mental incapabiliy, that discovered his unfituess to get power among a people whom he made it his occupation to mislead and misadvise.

His declamations to the lower orders are full of extravagance, unreality and *ambiguity*; he sets afloat the bad passions of the people, makes them restless in disposition, and impotent in action.

He is well aware how wicked it was *jactare in vulgus voces ambiguas*; he is well aware that it is the part of a bad man to make use of a grievance as an instrument of power, and render it the means of discontent, without a single honest attempt at redress; he knows, or at least ought to know, that this conduct is of such a nature as must always tend to confirm bad ministers, and strengthen stern authority; it seduces the people into unmeant mischief, and after exciting them to folly, it abandons them through fear; it may lead them to rise against an exciseman or a titheman, to burn a haystack or murder a farmer, but will never teach them to redress a grievance, or to bring an offending minister to the scaffold.

In short, this agitator has led astray the Catholics; he exhorted them not to take their liberties from England; he advised them rather to suffer the entire penal code to be re-enacted; he impelled them to refuse their privileges, for a point which they did not understand and in which there was absolutely nothing; a point which the Catholics will yield, and which he could not carry for them.

[The writter then goes on to describe some others of the Catholic junta, in pretty similar terms; and concludes as follows:]

You must get out of these hands before you can hope to advance. You require steady guides to extricate you from the distresses that have thickened around so rapidly, that an honorable escape appears most difficult. The attempt is worth the exertion; it may do you service; it must do you credit; it can do you no injury. Hot-headed fiery young men will only bring you into new danger; they neither see where they go, or care how far they go, or know when they should stop. They must be put down, rely on it. They press too far forward, not to yield. The steady advance, and not the disorderly onset, shows the real soldier.—Recollect that these men have appeared in bad times, and instead of making your situation better, they have made it worse; recollect, that as they are indebted for their existence to the disturbed state of their country, which, instead of composing they have fomented; so are they indebted for their continuance to the defeat of your question, which instead of advancing they have retarded. When that question shall be carried, you will perceive them falling back to their orginal state of obscurity, from whence it would have been better they should never have been stirred, and from whence no man would have ever known they had moved except by the ephemeral turbulence they have excited, but which you will quickly perceive must follow the fate of their character, and afford you this consolation, that although both have been mischievous, both will be forgotten: it is in the stormy season when every thing valuable sinks to the bottom, that the lightest substance rides across the topmost wave along with broken spars and rotten cordage, and all the shattered fragments of the wreck, which had they been good, would have saved the vessel; but being worthless have preciptated her destruction.

In short, if you suffer wild boys and mischievous mob-men to assume the management of your affairs, to put your brains in their pocket and run off with your understandings, you never will succeed; this headlong system will not only disgrace but ruin you;—like a vile sore, that perpetually runs, it will soon exhaust you, this leprosy will kill if it be not cured. Men will confound you and your leaders; men will not distinguish between your object and their object; they will attribute your silence to assent; for although you do not commission these leaders, they will see you do not cashier them: few will support, fewer will pity, and none will respect you; they will see that the measures intended for your benefit, are certain to be defeated, and purposely defeated by your leaders. With every difficulty brought into action, with every facility disbanded they fly off at every tangent, they rise against their ablest generals, they will violate the most sacred engagements, and in the hour of trial are not merely sullen, but seditious. Who will spend his life in such a service? Who will settle among such a people?

You will owe your defeat to yourselves, and your question will finally be lost, not through the intolerance of the Protestant, but through the indiscretion of the Catholic. Consider what advantages you have had, and how they have been thrown away. Consider that the Protestants of Ireland petitioned Parliament for you; that Protestant Bishops spoke in Parliament for you; that you had a great portion of the Protestants of England, the great majority of the Protestants of Ireland, all the united Catholics of both countries and only one solitary petition against you.—See now how much of this force you have lost, and see if you can afford to lose more.—Convince yourselves of this, that with such aid you are certain to succeed, but with a divided force you are certain to fail: that no Parliament, or P——e, or Minister could resist such a confederation, but that any of them singly could withstand your disunion;—consider that something is due to the character and dignity of petitioners; that much is due to yourselves, and more should be due to Ireland: that you should assume a dignified and imposing attitude, such as becomes a free-born, an intelligent, and an afflicted community; not the scrambling petitioners of a province, but the grave representatives of a great nation. The approach to the temple of Freedom should be dignified and solemn;—in the procession should appear the most grave, the most reverenced, and most exalted personages; and never should there be seen a set of followers in fantastic trances reeling their mimic figures to the sound of discordant notes, played by wanton boys and hireling minstrels.

Hereafter when your calamity shall be mentioned in history, your sufferings—your endurance—your rights, and (I would say) your redemption,—shall the historian have to record only your defeat?—Shall he pause and exclaim, —these men had liberty within their reach,—they could have loosened their bonds asunder,—but they grew wild with their own *inventions*, "They fell down & there was none to help them." *Immemor, heu!——ibi omnis effusus labor.* I love them, because they are my countrymen, I know of no difference that ought to exist between them and the Protestants. I cannot comprehend any subtile and vicious distinction; I cannot discover why a Catholic should not be on an equality with a Protestant: why he should not stand as high, and walk as firm, and look as proud, and be as independent, as the first of Protestants.

I love them because they have been injured long, because they have suffered much, and because the country is deeply in their debt; a debt contracted by our ancestors, in what manner it matters not now to enquire,—but which we must ever think it dishonourable not to acquit, and for which we should ever blush until it be discharged. I would stand up for them as injured men, and as generous Irishmen, in any quarter of the globe. I would defend them in the hall of their bitterest enemy; I would represent them as what they are—a noble, a gallant, and a faithful race of men; generous even to a fault, and who in their honest credulity discover the grandeur of their character; whom affection can conciliate, but whom tyranny never can, never ought, and (please God) never shall govern;—a silken line will guide, but a knotted rope will never bind:—I could represent how they have suffered long and suffered unjustly; how under the severest penalties they have acted faithfully; they have served the power that oppressed, and stabilitated the nation that misgoverned; that under heart-rending trials, and though their action was limited, their spirit curbed, and their ardor repressed, they rose superior to unworthy resentment, and nobly determined to repay injury by obligation. They stood forth in the common cause; and while they sought, and while they died by the side of their more favoured countrymen, they urged onward the gallant career of immortal victory and have gained for their country a fame, which afternations may envy but cannot destroy. This has been their consolation in the hour of death; it is our reproach in the hour of our triumph.—With this impression of their character, their conduct, and their merit, I would betray every sense of honour, and every sense of duty, every laudable

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feeling and every upright principle, if I stooped so low as to flatter vice and favour falsehood; and though but a humble citizen—if I condescended to make a silent compromise with a desperate set of demagogues, who are conducting you to a precipice; if I did not exclaim against a set of men who have at heart any thing but the interest of the Catholics, and the repose, or the character of the country, and who have scarce done a single act that does not tend, in Ireland, as well as in England, to injure the entire body as Catholics, as men, and as Irishmen; who will lead you to the last stage of insignificance and degradation— the turbulent tribunes of a packed mob.

If not a sense of duty, a sense of spirit and of pride would make me spurn their plebeian dictatorship; as a Catholic I would scorn to be thus injured, thus wounded, thus shamefully superseded; I would not bow my neck to suffer any O'C—— I to plant his foot upon it;—as a Protestant I would feel myself insulted through my Catholic neighbour; and whether Catholic or Protestant, or neither, I would never rest until I had re-asserted the character, the conduct, the rights of an injured community, and had restored to their proper station in the administration of their affairs, and ultimately in that of the state, those classes and those ranks, which our Constitution has ranged in beautiful order, and whose symmetry cannot be impaired without such confusion as must destroy all effectual co-operation among the parts, and may ultimately threaten the existence of the whole.

I have tired you, but I have acquitted myself; for I have written in defence of the Catholics, and in defence of freedom.—Your cause is the cause of Ireland—it is the cause of England.—I have stained my page with disgraceful names, but I am not ashamed, for I have uplifted an honest voice againt dishonest men. My fervent wish is that you may succeed; that your question may be carried without barter of religion or loss of reputation; and that Providence, which directs all human affairs, and punishes the various factions of criminals, may vouchsafe to look down upon this afflicted island, that she may at length assert her duty and instill into the minds of men, Love, Harmony and Peace; the three great debts that are due to Ireland. Let all classes unite at her holy altar, and sacrifice there all their resentment. The incense will ascend to heaven, and be a propitiation to their God for the crimes they have committed against their country.

PRIVATE-MADHOUSES.

The following frightful details are copied from a pamphlet just published, called "*A Statement of the Cruelties, Abuses, and Frauds, which are practised in Mad-houses, by J. W. Rogers, Surgeon.*"—When Parliament meets, it is to be expected that an immediate investigation will take place, and if the statements so plainly set forth are proved, that the just punishment of the guilty and the due protection of all such unhappy Sufferers will promptly follow:—

"The very numerous cases of insanity which we unhappily meet with, render the necessity of enquiring into the management of places of confinement urgent and indispensible. It were not more absurd to expect a man should recover the use of a fractured limb, while it was continually exposed to the risk of being broken afresh, than to expect the diseased mind should be restored to health, while the patient was exposed to the pinch of cold, the septic atmosphere of crowded rooms, and the consequences of brutal treatment; in short, to a combination of evils, moral and physical, sufficient to overpower the soundest intellect.

"To what causes we should attribute the frequency of a malady, so humiliating to human nature, (although it is a subject I have long considered, and on which I may possibly, when my leisure will permit, offer my opinion fully to the public,) it is, at present, foreign to my purpose to enquire; yet I cannot forbear observing, that a great and primary cause of most of the diseases of the mind, as well as of the body, is the luxurious, intemperate, and dissipated mode of life, which now so generally prevails; it is above all, from the practice of drinking strong liquors, that the greatest evils arise. It is repugnant to all reason to suppose, that the habit of drinking those liquors, of which a small quantity will, for a time, make a man as mad as those maniacs whose malady has arisen from other causes, can be continued without occasioning a material derangement of the faculties of the mind. All stimulants relax in proportion to their first impulsive power, and when the nerves are thus debilitated, they yield to the slightest attack; a cold, obstruction of the natural evacuations, agitation, will often in this state produce serious consequences. Unnatural hours are perhaps second only in the power of destroying health, bodily and mental; in which work, indolence also has no small share. People are apt to imagine that there are no diseases of the mind but what we call madness; lesser aberrations, being common, are not thought of; so ill humour, caprice, moroseness, peevishness, vacillation, are unquestionably diseases of the mind, and must be threatened with the rod, or humoured with the rattle. When long suffered to gain upon the understanding, they are often the forerunners of deeper derangement. The perfection of temperament, and to speak morally, I may add, the perfection of the human character, is, when the head is cool and the heart warm; but the effects of intemperance, are to reverse this natural order, and render the head hot and the heart cold. But to leave this digression, and proceed with my immediate subject.

"I think it necessary, in the first place, to give some account of persons concerned in the management of some of the principal mad-houses, public and private; by which a chain of connection will be exposed, that will enable the reader to account for the rise and continuance of abuses, the existence of which it would otherwise be difficult to conceive.

"A person who has long acted a conspicuous part in these scenes, began his career in life as a porter at the gate of a private mad-house, soon after became keeper, when he was initiated into the secret proceedings of this dark asylum. In due time he was admitted to a share in the concern, having previously married the housemaid. By means, easily to be conceived, he engaged the master of a public institution to recommend patients to his house. The son and daughter of these two worthies intermarried, and the former having been brought up as an apothecary, added in no small degree to the gains of the family. The salary of the master alluded to, together with that of his wife, amounted to about one hundred and sixty pounds per annum. He has accumulated a fortune of at least thirty thousand pounds! It would be affronting common sense, to make this fact a subject of comment. Bearing then these circumstances in mind, the reader will follow us through our work, without wondering at the consequences of so formidable and direful a coalition.

"When the friends of an insane person are desirous of placing him under confinement, being generally strangers to the mode of proceeding, they frequently apply to the master of some public lunatic institution; suppose the person before mentioned. After learning the condition of the friends of the patient, and whence they come, he finds out whether they are likely to be profitable to him; possibly they may come from a distant part: he will then enquire in what way they mean to furnish the patient with clothes and linen, offering, as a great favour, to supply the necessary articles himself, and take the patient under his own management. It now becomes a question how the lunatic is to be disposed of till he can be admitted, as the place is generally full, and he must take his turn, which, perhaps, may not be for some weeks. The answer is, 'He must be sent to a private mad-house.' 'Will you have the goodness to recommend one to me, where he will be taken care of? for I understand that they treat their patients but indifferently at these places.' That is very true, (answers the master), and indeed these private mad-house keepers are such a set of d—d rascals, (to use his own words) that I don't know which to recommend to you; yet if you take him to——he will, I think, be treated there better than at any other house I know of.' The reader need not be at a loss for the *motive* for these recommendations, when he is told that, in return, from one house only, he receives a douceur of *five hundred a year*!

"When a person is taken to a private mad-house, he is welcomed with smiles by the master and mistress, who deeply sympathize with his friends on the unfortunate occurrence, and promise every care and attention; and the price of his board being fixed, the friends take their leave, fully satisfied that their relative will have every justice done him, from, the kind and apparently feeling behaviour of the master and mistress.

"On the departure of the friends, the unhappy patient is conducted to his appointed destination; but if he should attempt to resist the rough handling of the keeper, he is speedily seized on by two or more fellows, who drag him to the common room for patients of his class; the strait waistcoat is put on, and *his hands and legs firmly fixed in irons*. In this state he remains till he becomes calm from exhaustion. I have known numberless instances of persons having their legs & wrists dreadfully lacerated from being improperly confined; and what may not be expected, when they are left entirely to the care and management of keepers, the greater part of whom are more hardened brutes than it is possible for imagination to conceive; And I am sorry to be obliged to say, that I have observed even a greater degree of ferocity, if possible, in the female keepers than in the men.

"It is unquestionably the duty of masters of mad-houses to visit all their patients at least once a day; but this duty is so far from being performed by them, that I have known masters neglect the inspection of their houses even for a period of two months. This cruel indifference to the accumulated suffering which their patients may endure from being thus left to the mercy of the keepers, shews plainly the disposition of such masters, and what must be expected from their own conduct towards the wretched objects who are placed under their care.

"The unfortunate being is now left confined with chains in his sleeping place, unable to turn on either side, so that the flesh, from constantly lying in the same position, mortifies. In this state some constitutions will hold out long, and endure the greatest torture, before death relieves them *.

"It is proper, before I proceed to a farther statement of acts of direct cruelty that as one cause of such cruelty, I should point out the frauds which take place in regard to food, clothing, and medicine. The peculation in these articles is very great. Medicine is always poured in by the apothecary in such quantity, that it commonly exceeds in charge the bill for board, &c. amounting to as much as would have afforded the patient, for a long time, those comforts of which he must in consequence be deprived.

"Whatever stock of clothing may be allowed by his friends, he is generally kept in the barest state, except when visited by them; he is then reported to be a great destroyer of his apparel; which being believed, and new clothes supplied, those which had been deposited untouched in the store room are taken possession of and go to clothe the patients who are provided for by the master, being charged by him, as if he had purchased them.

"If a patient be allowed porter or wine he will get but a small portion of either particularly of the latter. From the enormous expences incurred, the friends become tired, or are unable to support them; the consequence is that he is removed to some inferior situation in the house, possibly an under-ground cellar, where he ends his miserable existence.

"Thus does the grasp of avarice deprive the wretched maniac of the chance of recovery, by fraudulently withholding the comforts assigned him; or, at least, the benevolent intention of his friends to ameliorate his situation is totally frustrated."

"If a patient refuse to take his food at the pleasure of his keeper, it is the practice to attempt to force it down his throat; and this is generally done with such inhuman violence, that in the act numbers are suffocated. The following is one of many instances I could adduce of the consequences of this brutal practice. †

"A gentleman who was confined in a room by himself, refusing to take food, the keeper proceeded to force him, and in so doing used such violence, that the patient called loudly for assistance, saying, "For God's sake, come and help me, or I shall be murdered;" but this exclamation, though it was distinctly heard both by the master and mistress, was not attended to; the noise ceased, and the keeper presently came to acquaint his master, that while forcing the gentleman, he went off in a fit! In these cases a note is dispatched to the friends, and the body taken away without farther enquiry. In another instance, the upper part of the mouth was forced through with the handle of a spoon. The injury was so great, that the friends of the patient discovered it, and removed him.

"When lunatics have a propensity to talk more than is agreeable to the people of the house, it is a custom to muffle them; this is done by tying a towel or cloth over their mouths, and round their heads, and with such indifference to the consequences, that respiration is rendered extremely difficult and painful, and it becomes a species of torture consistent with the general barbarity of the place.

"Some of the shocking effects of the savage and cowardly exercise of lawless power, are instanced in the blows which are given to patients, even when bound hand and foot. I have seen gentlemen secured in a chair, their hand and feet manacled, in which situation, on a slight murmur, they have been struck with the clenched first of a brawny villain, till the blood has gushed from different parts of their face. One of the gentlemen exposed to this cruel degradation, was a *gallant officer who had highly distinguished himself*. Another patient under similar circumstances, was deprived of the sight of an eye by a blow. Will it be believed that in a country of christians, *this is a daily and unreproved practice*? But if such is the natural cruelty of these men, what must their lot be who are exposed to it, when exercised, as it [illegible], with all the additional wantonness of in[illegible]on!

"I shall relate another case demonstrating equal ferocity of disposition. A patient, for some trifling refractory airs, was frequently lashed on the bare back with a knotted cord, by a keeper, assisted by another ruffian, similarly armed, in so merciless a manner, that it is impossible he should have escaped the most serious injury. This patient died shortly after; and no doubt can be entertained that his death was accelerated by ill-treatment.

"In reflecting on these cruelties, should the reader ever have had a dear relation or friend under circumstances which rendered restriction necessary; and occasioned him to be placed in one of these asylums, with the confidence that he would there have a better chance of recovery than at home, and from the supposition that the best medical aid would be afforded him, superadded to every advantage that could be derived from experience, and that at all events, he would recieve the common attentions of humanity, with every alleviation his miserable situation would admit;—how, I say, must his mind be pained—his heart grieved, when he sees the probability that his relative, or friend, instead of such treatment, may have undergone cruelties, and lingered in torments, from an exposure to which, even the murderer—the most hardened and abandoned criminals, are exempted! How must he be shocked to think, that instead of the returning dawn of reason in his friend being met by a kind and helping hand, it was repulsed with blows, and probably by harsh and brutal opposition repelled for ever!

"If any one should unthinkingly imagine that these cruelties can in any degree be necessary, it will be a sufficient refutation of so dangerous an error, to refer him to the noble and extensive establishment of Dr. Fox, near Bristol. The order here observed, the excellence of the food, the healthful cleanliness, and above all, the humanity which is invariable exercised, are truly admirable, and reflect, the highest honour on the worthy and enlightened founder. In this asylum, when coercion appears necessary, the patient is rather coaxed than frightened into compliance; so that of the numerous patients restored, we never find any one alarmed at the thought or sight of his keeper, but on the contrary impressed with a strong sense of gratitude for the kindness he has experienced.

"I cannot too much inculcate, that the recovery of insane persons depends on their receiving the most humane attention. The irritation, rage, terror or depression, which brutal treatment necessarily produces, must always be fatal to convalescence. I knew a lady who had continued a long time in a state of derangement in her own house, and recovered her intellects perfectly in a very short time, merely by the removal of a morose keeper, and the attentions of a person of an opposite character.

"Patients are frequently ordered the use of the cold bath, and this prescription is very readily complied with by the keepers, from motives, which humanity and decency must alike blush to learn, namely, that it affords them great amusement! in the gratification of which, they so entirely, exhaust the strength of the miserable object of their mirth, by repeated plunges, that instead of the proposed benefit, the greatest injury must be sustained.

"The following fact will fully shew the disposition of these hell-hounds. A patient, for whom the bath had been ordered, on his first immersion, called out, "Serve up dinner for Lord—;" on this harmless effusion of a distempered imagination, the keepers cried, "Oh, damn you, are you at that sport? we'll soon cure you," and directly threw him in again. He repeated this exclamation several times, and was so often thrown into the water, that the poor wretch was nearly drowned, and the keepers completely tired with their diversion. Upon my remonstrating with a medical attendant, on this abuse of a salutary remedy, he coolly said. "It was good fun?" Can imagination form an idea of torments greater than are daily witnessed in a mad-house?

"A great number of lunatics labour under an imbecility of mind, which incapacitates them from being aware of the common calls of nature; so that when they are visited in the morning, for the purpose of getting them up, many are found in a very unpleasant state; in consequence of which, they are dragged from their sleeping places, and are forced, with no covering but their shirts, into the yard, where there is a pump, under which they are compelled to stand and are mopped by their keeper.* This takes place in all seasons. I recollect a female keeper who was in the habit of whipping her people out of their beds, and forcing them to the pump, even when the snow was on the ground."

[*The Examiner*,—*Jan.* 7.

* It is not to be understood that this treatment always takes place, but unhappily it is too general.

† The vehicle commonly employed to convey food, is a short of tea-pot with a very long spout, in the use of which, unless great care be taken, the danger of strangulation is imminent. The spout is generally too long; no regular method of opening the month is thought of; a large key is commonly employed, and used with such impatience that the lips and gums are torn, and the teeth often forced out. An instrument might be regularly used for opening the mouth, of a simple construction, consisting of two metallic plates united at one end, between which a screw acting gradually, obviates all danger, and allows no greater opening than issufficient for thetrodu inction of nutriment.

* In the series of cruelties these unfortunate beings undergo, this debasement of the human species, in treating men as the callous post-boy does his jaded cattle, is not the least humiliating and disgusting to reflect on.

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